



No. 106

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

TEN
CENTS

DEC

BATMAN AND ROBIN vs. "THE PHANTOM OF THE LIBRARY"



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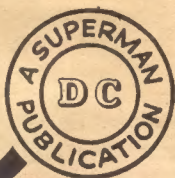
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A SMART, NINE-LIVED
CREATURE—
HE'LL BET ALL
HIS LIVES
ON A DC FEATURE!



THAT'S BECAUSE HE
KNOWS THAT **ANY**
COMIC FEATURE IN
ANY DC MAGAZINE
IS **TOPS!**



in
**SENSATION
COMICS,**
FOR EXAMPLE,
HE'LL FIND A
WHOLE FLOCK
OF TOP
FEATURES!

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BATMAN

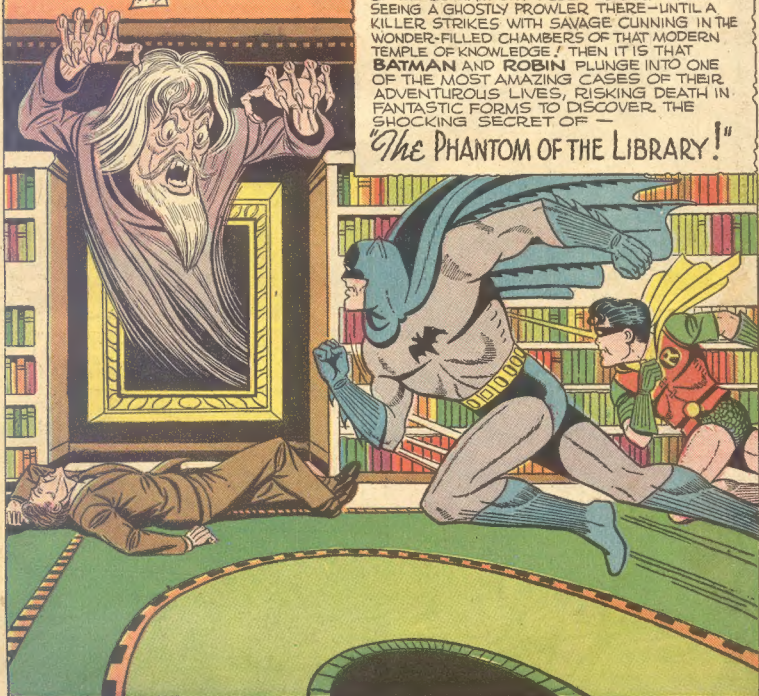
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JOE KANE

OFFICIALS ARE SKEPTICAL WHEN PATRONS OF THE GOTHAM CITY PUBLIC LIBRARY TALK OF SEEING A GHOSTLY PROWLER THERE—UNTIL A KILLER STRIKES WITH SAVAGE CUNNING IN THE WONDER-FILLED CHAMBERS OF THAT MODERN TEMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE! THEN IT IS THAT **BATMAN AND ROBIN** PLUNGE INTO ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING CASES OF THEIR ADVENTUROUS LIVES, RISKING DEATH IN FANTASTIC FORMS TO DISCOVER THE SHOCKING SECRET OF —

"The PHANTOM OF THE LIBRARY!"



LIBRARY SPOOK PROWLs AGAIN, READER CLAIMS

BUT OFFICIALS SAY WHOLE THINGS IMAGINARY.

For the third time this year the "PHANTOM OF THE LIBRARY" has shown his spectral face, if one can believe it.

DO YOU THINK WE'D SEE THE GHOST INSIDE, BRUCE?

I DOUBT IT—BUT LET'S GO IN, ANYWAY, AND LOOK AROUND, DICK!

WHAT A LOT OF BOOKS! YOU COULD WEAR OUT YOUR EYES HERE!

FIVE MILLION VOLUMES! AND EVEN IF YOU DID WEAR OUT YOUR EYES, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO STOP READING! LET ME SHOW YOU...

SOME OF THESE BLIND PEOPLE ARE READING BOOKS IN BRAILLE WITH THEIR FINGERTIPS, DICK—AND SOME ARE LISTENING TO RECORDINGS OF BOOKS.

I HAD NO IDEA.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

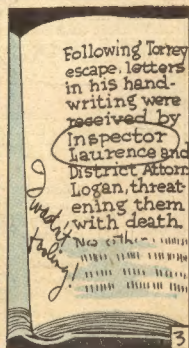
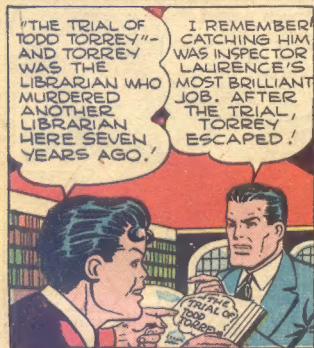
YOU DON'T HAVE TO STICK TO ENGLISH, EITHER! YOU'LL FIND ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD HERE!

MOST OF THEM WOULD BE GREEK TO ME!

FOREIGN LANGUAGE BOOKS

THESE ARE ANCIENT MAPS MADE BY PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS FLAT!

AND LOOK AT THESE COLLECTIONS OF STAMPS! THE LIBRARY HAS EVERYTHING!





THAT EVENING, IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

THOSE STORIES OF THE "PHANTOM OF THE LIBRARY" DON'T SEEM SO FUNNY NOW!

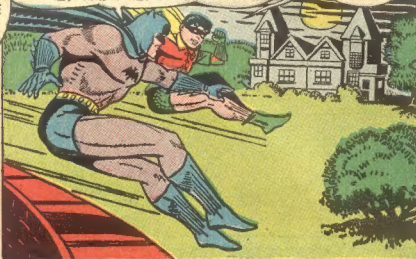
NOT SINCE THE POLICE IDENTIFIED THE HAND-WRITING IN THAT BOOK AS TORREY'S—AS WELL AS THE NOTE LAURENCE HAD IN HIS POCKET, TELLING HIM TO READ A CERTAIN PAGE OF THAT BOOK!



ONCE AGAIN TWO AWESOME FIGURES OF JUSTICE FLIT THROUGH THE SHADOWS—THE **BATMAN AND ROBIN.**

THIS IS THE HOME OF JUDGE LOGAN, WHO WAS DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHEN TORREY WAS TRIED FOR MURDER!

BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THOSE LIGHTS HE'S AT HOME!



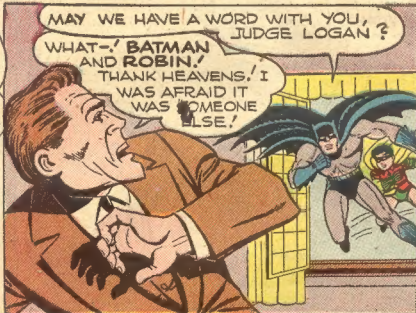
JUDGE LOGAN, IT APPEARS, IS SOMEWHAT EXCITED TONIGHT.

IT'S HIS HANDWRITING, ALL RIGHT—I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! BUT I WON'T LET HIM BLUFF ME, IN SPITE OF LAURENCE NEARLY GETTING KILLED THIS AFTER-NOON.



MAY WE HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, JUDGE LOGAN?

WHAT—? **BATMAN AND ROBIN.** THANK HEAVENS! I WAS AFRAID IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE!



I SUSPECT THIS LETTER I RECEIVED A WHILE AGO WILL INTEREST YOU!

IT CERTAINLY DOES! IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!



*If you want a clue to my whereabouts, look on page 529 of **"Godskiss' Criminal Evidence,"** Volume 18, in the main Public Library tonight!*

T. Torrey

I'M GOING THERE NOW! NO CRIMINAL HAS EVER YET SCARED ME! THE LIBRARY WILL BE OPEN FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR!

I WON'T TRY TO DISCOURAGE YOU, JUDGE—BUT IF TROUBLE STARTS, WE WON'T BE FAR AWAY!

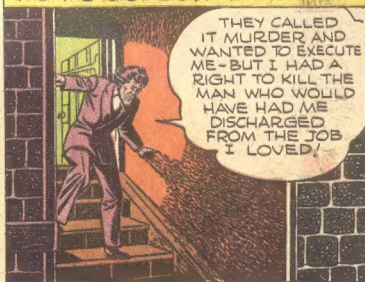


AT THIS MOMENT, IN A MIDTOWN LUNCHROOM, WHICH HAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT, A STRANGE MAN IS JUST FINISHING A STRANGE REPAST!



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE STUPID FOOLS, I COULD BE DINING IN COMFORT!

MUMBLING TO HIMSELF, THE SCARECROW FIGURE GROPE'S THROUGH THE DARKNESS INTO THE RESTAURANT BASEMENT...



THEY CALLED IT MURDER AND WANTED TO EXECUTE ME—BUT I HAD A RIGHT TO KILL THE MAN WHO WOULD HAVE HAD ME DISCHARGED FROM THE JOB I LOVED!

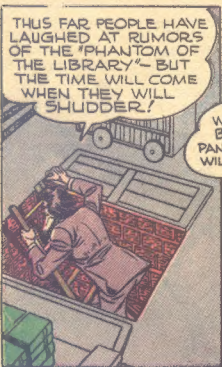
THEY RUINED ME—DROVE ME UNDERGROUND LIKE A MOLE—FORCED ME TO STEAL MY FOOD! BUT FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS I HAVE READ MY BELOVED BOOKS—AND THOUGHT—AND PLANNED.



NOW I AM READY! LAURENCE MAY LIVE—BUT I'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO GET HIM! AND LOGAN CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE THE TRAP I'VE SET FOR HIM!



THUS FAR PEOPLE HAVE LAUGHED AT RUMORS OF THE 'PHANTOM OF THE LIBRARY'—BUT THE TIME WILL COME WHEN THEY WILL SHUDDER!



THE GAUNT, BEARDED MAN SWINGS BACK A SECTION OF THE BOOKSHELVES TO REVEAL A PASSAGE WITHIN THE LIBRARY WALL!

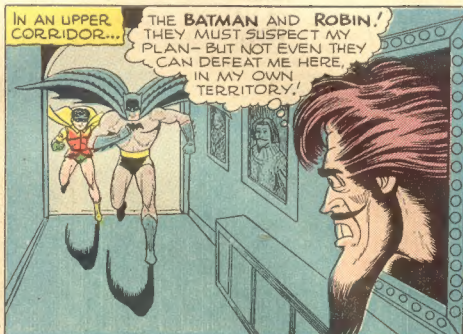
BECAUSE OF THE HOLLOW-WALL CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING, AND THE SECRET PANELS I HAVE DEvised, THEY WILL NEVER CATCH ME.

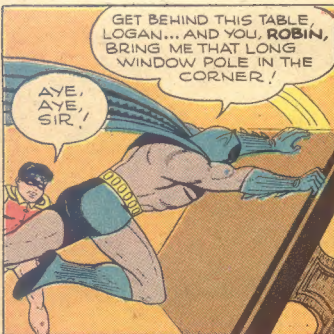


PRESENTLY, ON THE UPPERMOST FLOOR...

NO ONE IN SIGHT—BUT I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! I MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO FRIGHTEN LOGAN AWAY FROM HIS DOOM!









LOGAN'S HIT!

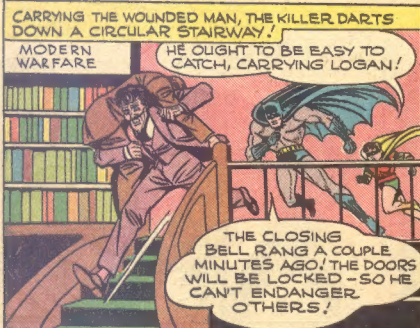
AH-H-H-H...



HE'S ONLY STUNNED - BUT YOU AND HE WILL DIE HERE AND NOW IF YOU MAKE A MOVE!

LET'S RUSH HIM, BATMAN. HE CAN ONLY GET ONE OF US!

TAKE IT EASY! THERE ARE BETTER WAYS!



CARRYING THE WOUNDED MAN, THE KILLER DARTS DOWN A CIRCULAR STAIRWAY!

MODERN WARFARE

HE OUGHT TO BE EASY TO CATCH, CARRYING LOGAN!

THE CLOSING BELL RANG A COUPLE MINUTES AGO! THE DOORS WILL BE LOCKED - SO HE CAN'T ENDANGER OTHERS!



TOO BAD WE CAN'T STOP TO STUDY THESE BOOKS ON METHODS OF MODERN WARFARE!

ONCE WE CATCH TORREY, OLD-FASHIONED TACTICS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



ABRUPTLY...

WHAT ON EARTH-?

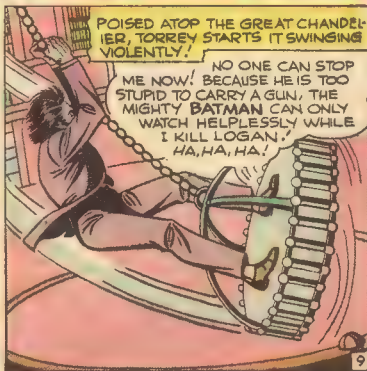
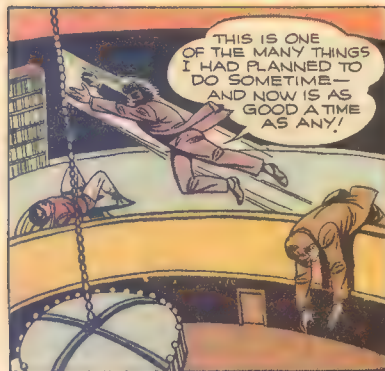
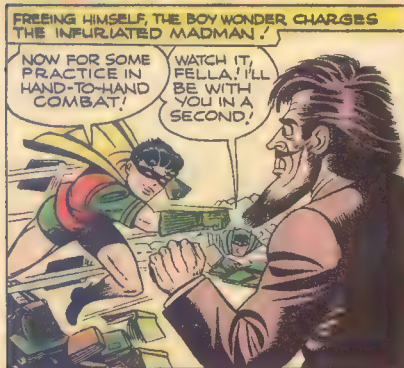
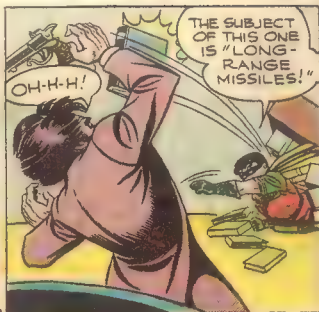
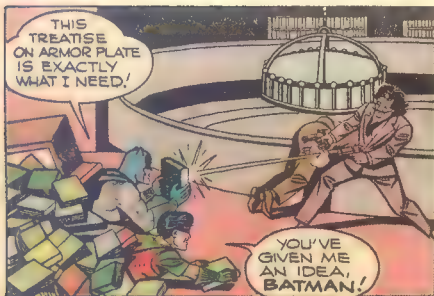
IT'S A BOMBARDMENT, FELLA! WATCH YOUR HEAD!



TEMPORARILY; AT LEAST, THE DYNAMIC DUO IS STOPPED!

I'LL PUT AN END TO YOUR INTERFERENCE! YOU FIRST, BATMAN!

NOT IF I CAN GET AN ARM FREE, TORREY!



CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE UNCONSCIOUS LOGAN SWINGS THE PONDEROUS CHADELIER—WHILE **BATMAN** STRUGGLES VAINLY!

HE'S TRYING TO CRUSH LOGAN BY SWINGING THE CHADELIER INTO HIM—AND MY LEGS DOUBLED UNDER ME SO I CAN'T CLIMB OUT OF THESE BOOKS!

BUT THIS ROPE HAS GOT ME OUT OF MANY A TIGHT SPOT, AND I DON'T SEE WHY IT CAN'T PULL ME OUT OF THIS ONE!

LIKE A WRITHING SERPENT, THE STEEL-STRONG SILKEN CORD WISSES THROUGH THE AIR AND—

THIS TIME I'LL GET HIM—AND THEN I'LL LURE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** TO ONE OF THE STORAGE VAULTS IN THE CELLAR AND LOCK THEM IN TO SUFFOCATE!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW!

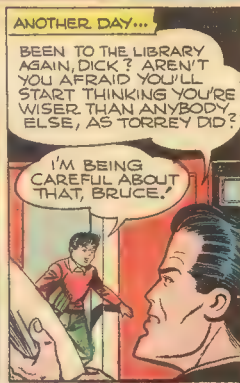
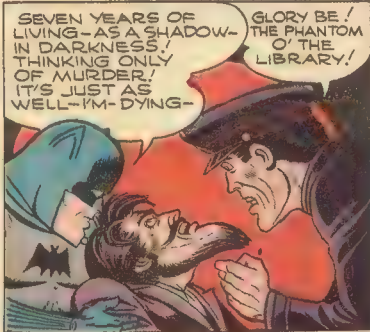
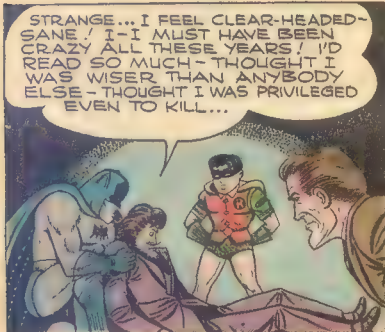
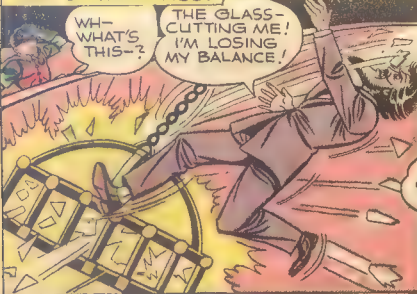
THERE ISN'T A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE!

HA, HA, HA! INSTEAD OF SAVING LOGAN, YOU WILL ONLY DIE WITH HIM!

BLAST YOU, **BATMAN**!

FOOLED YOU THAT TIME!

AND NOW, A KILLER'S INSANE DESIGN FOR DESTRUCTION BOOMERANGS!



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"Hey, I said send up some quinine, not K-9!"

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EVEREADY

THREE-RING BINKS

by JACK FARR

HIYA, CHUM— TAKE A HEFTY GRIP ON YOUR CHAIR 'CAUSE THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY. — I'M PRACTICALLY TOSsing THE U.S. MINT AT YOU ON WHAT YOU CAN MAKE BY STITCHING ME UP WITH A LIFE CONTRACT FOR MY "JUBILO" THE JUGGLING SEAL ACT— IT'S SUPER2 SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL.' LOOK AT THAT MARVELOUS OVERGROWN MACKEREL STRUT HER STUFF AND THEN LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES.

FOR THIRTY YEARS, (MAN AND BOY) A CIRCUS MANAGER— NOW A TOP-FLIGHT TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING-AGENT FOR HEADLINE ACTS.

SHOOOSH ABOUT CASES— I HAD YOU TAGGED AS A MENTAL CASE THE MINUTE YOU CRASHED THE ENTRANCE, SONNY BOY— JUST PARK THAT FUMBLING FLOUNDER OF YOURS BACK IN ITS TANK WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE GREATEST TRAINED SEAL ACT THAT EVER WOUND UP IN OVERCOATS— LISTEN! ---



OINK!
OINK!!

ALONG BACK IN THE EARLY 'TWENTIES' I'M STUMBLING UP THE WEST COAST, AROUND SEATTLE WAY— WITH A GASPING LAST-LEG CARNIVAL WHEN WHO WALKS INTO MY TENT ONE DAY BUT—

HOWDY, PAPPY— I'M KNOWN HEREABOUTS AS 'WHALIN' WILLIE WAMPUS— MY OFFICE IS ON THE HIGH SEAS, AN' I'VE GOT AN ACT HERE THAT'LL MAKE YOU ROLL OVER!

HERE'S A TWIN SET O' YOUNG SEALS I SCOOPED ABOARD SHIP OFF VANCOUVER ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO COME FRIDAY. I SET TO TRAINING 'EM— BETWEEN WATCHES — AN' WHAT THEY CAN'T DO— COULDN'T HAPPEN— WANNA SEE THEIR ROUTINE?



OINK!



GO AHEAD, KEEP— ROOT!

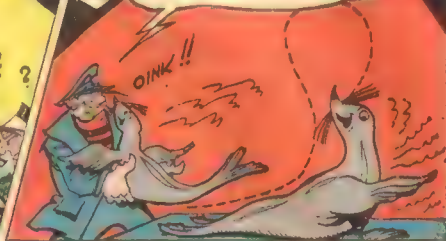
OINK!

OINK!

OKAY! - COME, IKE -
UP-NOSE WITH MIKE !!
ALLYAY-OOP! HOLD IT!!



OKAY, MIKE - BACK DIVE
FROM IKE - GIVE ME A
DOUBLE BACK SOMERSAULT
AND LAND IN MY HANDS -
ATTABOY!!

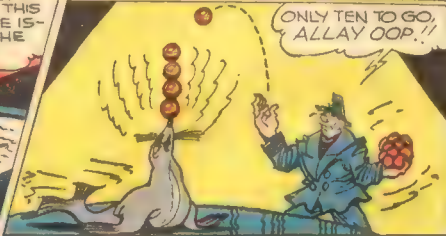


- BUD, HE PUT THAT TWIN-TEAM OF SEALS
THROUGH THE MOST BAFFLING HALF HOUR
ACT THAT MY OLD EYES EVER BAFFLED AT-
AND I DON'T BAFFLE EASY. I SIGNED HIM
UP QUICKER'N ONE SECOND IS TO THE NEXT!



HAW-HAW! I HOPE
I'M GONNA LIKE THIS
GUY, WHOEVER HE IS -
THIS PARTY OF THE
FIRST PART!

- I BILLED THEM RIGHT INTO THE NIGHT
PERFORMANCE AND THEY TORE THE HOUSE
APART, ESPECIALLY WITH MIKE'S NEAT
STUNT OF CATCHING FIFTEEN BALLS (ONE
AFTER THE OTHER) AND BALANCING THEM
ALL- ONE ABOVE THE OTHER! - WOW!



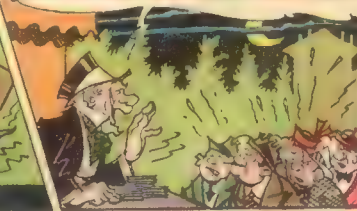
ONLY TEN TO GO,
ALLYAY OOP!!

- ANOTHER SHOW-STOPPER WAS WHEN
WE TEAMED THEM UP FOR TABLE-TENNIS,
(PING-PONG TO YOU.) WITH SIX BALLS.
THEY KEPT THEM ALL SIZZLING - AND
NOT ONLY MADE PLAYS OUT OF THIS WORLD,
BUT NEVER MISSED A SHOT!



- THEIR FAME SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE AND
WE WERE SOON 'DOUBLE-BOOKED' AROUND
THE CIRCUIT TO 'STANDING ROOM ONLY'!

SORRY, FOLKS, SORRY! - BUT WE'RE
SOLD OUT 52 WEEKS IN ADVANCE -
BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW FOR THE HIT
SHOW OF YOUR LIFE - HERE - NEXT YEAR!



- SIX SOLID MONTHS OF GALLOPING PROFITS FOLLOWED - WE WERE JUST OPENING A CHAIN OF OUR OWN BANKS IN THE TOWNS WE PLAYED, AS PARKING SPOTS FOR OUR EXCESS CASH, WHEN IT HAPPENED! - AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A CODFISH! OW-WAH!!

WE WERE PLAYING IN THE DEAD CENTER OF TEXAS AT THE TIME AND WHALIN' WILLIE HANDED ME A LINE THAT STOPPED ME COLD IN MY TRACKS -

WHAT'S 'AT Y'SAY, ACIDOLPHUS - CANT Y' SEE I'M IN THE COUNTIN' HOUSE?

SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT IT, BOSS, BUT WHALIN' WILLIE WAMPUS WANTS T'SEE YA!

I'M HEADIN' FOR THE SEA - COAST, AS OF RIGHT NOW, PAPPY-AN YOU CAN SHUT UP SHOP UNTIL I GIT BACK!

THEN HE EXPLAINED - AND FLEW OFF ...

ALL I CAN GET MY PRIMA DONNAS TO EAT IN THIS TERRITORY IS DRIED CODFISH CAKES - THEY WON'T TAKE IT! ONLY FRESH HERRING OR MACKEREL IS THEIR DISH, AND THEY WON'T WORK OTHERWISE - THEY'RE PUTTING ON A 'GIT DOWN' STRIKE NOW! - I'LL BE SEENIN' YA!!

- NATURALLY I HAD TO PUT A DOUBLE-SHIFT OF CASHIERS TO WORK TO PAY BACK REFUNDS (THAT'S THE TIME MY HAIR TURNED SNOW-WHITE OVERNIGHT) OW-WAH!!

WINDOW NUMBER SIX - SEND OUT MORE CASH - I'M EMPTY AGAIN!

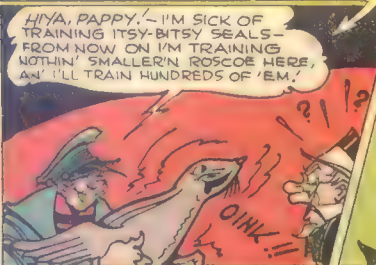
- BUT THREE DAYS LATER WHALIN' WILLIE FLEW BACK WITH THE MOST OF A TON OF THE FANCY HORS D'OEUVRES AND PEACE REIGNED AGAIN!

- THAT PUT US RIGHT BACK IN THE GROOVE, AND HAPPY DAYS WERE HERE AGAIN! - THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR THE NIGHTS TOO! -

SEMI-CONSCIOUS IS BACK, BOSS - WE CAN OPEN SHOP AGAIN!!

GIVE MY REGARDS TO ALL YOUR FOLKS, FOLKS - BUT COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME - WE'RE ALL SOLD OUT!

- BUT NOT FOR LONG THOUGH- BY THIS TIME WE WERE PLAYING THE WEST COAST. ONE NIGHT WE GAVE A FREE SHOW AT ONE OF THE BIGGEST NAVAL STATIONS- AFTER THAT, WHALIN' WILLIE WAS A CHANGED MAN- THE VERY NEXT DAY-



HIYA, PAPPY!- I'M SICK OF TRAINING ITSY-BITSY SEALS- FROM NOW ON I'M TRAINING NOTHIN' SMALLER'N ROSCOE HERE, AN' I'LL TRAIN HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

- FOR THE NEXT MONTH HE SPENT SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY TRAINING BIG BULL SEALS- (AS ONLY HE COULD DO IT) AND HE TRAINED FLOCKS'N' FLOCKS OF 'EM- THEN HE QUIT THE SHOW COLD.



WHY, THE UNGRATEFUL INGRATE- WHAT'S HE A-DOIN' NOW?

HE JOINED THE NAVY!

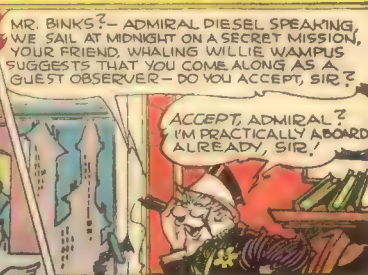
- THE VERY NEXT MORNING HE DROVE HIS BIG HERDS OF PERFECTLY-TRAINED SEALS THROUGH THE NAVY YARD GATE AND SIGNED UP FOR THE DURATION -

- O' COURSE THE SHOW FOLDED OVERNIGHT WITHOUT OUR STAR ATTRACTION, AND I JUST SAT AROUND AND SULKED FOR A WEEK- WHEN I GOT A VERY HOT PHONE CALL -



GANGWAY, MATE, HERE COMES THAT MILITARY SECRET NOW!!

STEP ON IT, OINKERS - I GIVE YOU HERRING.

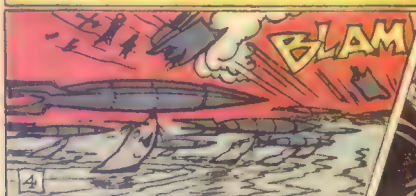


MR. BINKS?- ADMIRAL DIESEL SPEAKING, WE SAIL AT MIDNIGHT ON A SECRET MISSION, YOUR FRIEND, WHALING WILLIE WAMPUS SUGGESTS THAT YOU COME ALONG AS A GUEST OBSERVER - DO YOU ACCEPT, SIR?

ACCEPT, ADMIRAL? I'M PRACTICALLY ABOARD ALREADY, SIR!

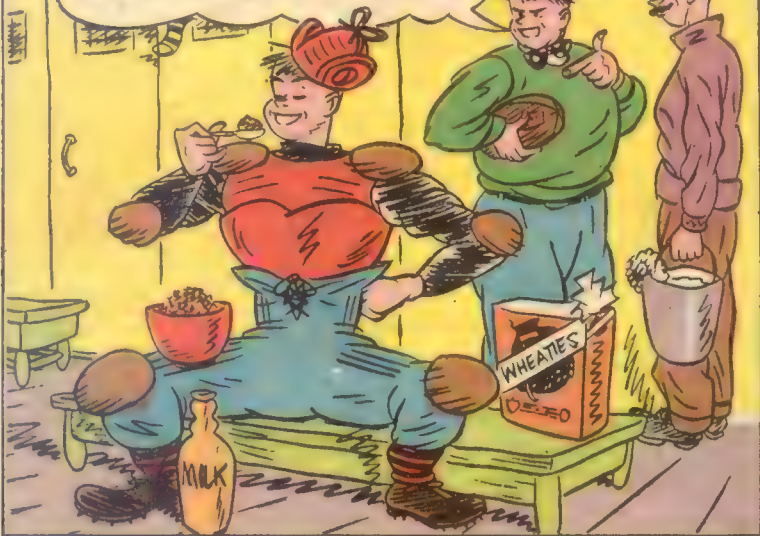
ONE MONTH LATER, SNUG OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN, THE PLOT UNFOLDED- OUR NEWEST SECRET WEAPON WENT INTO ACTION- EXACTLY 1000 TORPEDO-BALANCING SEALS (ALL TRAINED BY WILLIE WAMPUS) WERE PUT OVER THE SIDE AND AIMED AT THEIR MAIN FLEET CONCENTRATION- IN FIVE MINUTES- WHAMMO! THOSE SEALS EELED THEIR WAY RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THAT JAP FLEET AND BLASTED EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM SKY-HIGH. EH? DID WE GET THE SEALS BACK?- WE DIDN'T LOSE A ONE, SON!

HEH-HEH-HEH, / HEY, SON, WHERE Y'HEADIN'?



OW WAH! ME?- I'M HEADIN' FOR THE NAVY, TOO, BROTHER- SO O LONG!

THAT'S THE KIND OF
CRAMMING I LIKE TO SEE!



HAVE 'EM
EVERY DAY!

COACH LIKES TO SEE HIS STUDENTS CONCENTRATE
ON WHEATIES.

HEFTY NOURISHMENT IN THAT FAMOUS ALL-AMERICAN
CEREAL. AND HIGH-RATING, HIGH-SCORING FLAVOR.
CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT
LOADED WITH MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP.
A TRAINING-TABLE FAVORITE WITH CHAMPION-
MAKING COACHES, CHAMPION ATHLETES.

GO INTO A HUDDLE WITH A BIG BOWLFUL OF
MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"--EVERY MORNING. THAT'S THE KIND
OF DISH YOU'LL WANT PLENTY OF.

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



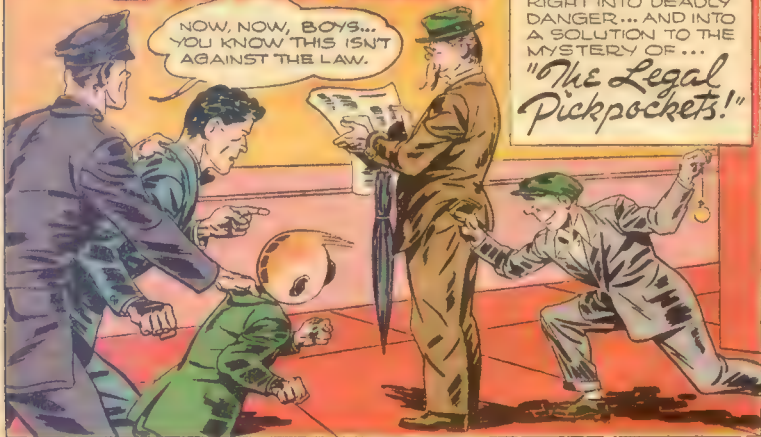
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of Champions are registered
trade marks of

General Mills, Inc.,

SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN KNOW A POCKET'S BEEN PICKED... AND THE VICTIM VIGOROUSLY DENIES IT, THEY'RE NATURALLY BAFFLED. BUT WHEN THE SAME THING HAPPENS AGAIN, THEY'RE NOT ONLY BAFFLED, BUT SUSPICIOUS. SO THEY FOLLOW AN UNWITTING GUIDE RIGHT INTO DEADLY DANGER... AND INTO A SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY OF...

"The Legal Pickpockets!"



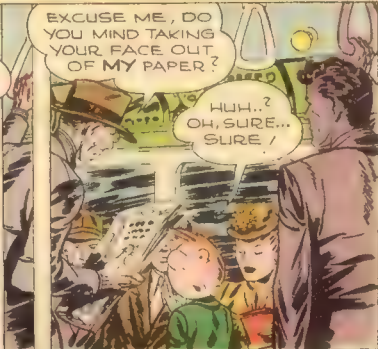
ON A SUBWAY RIDE, CRIME HEADLINES ATTRACT SHORTY MORGAN'S ATTENTION.

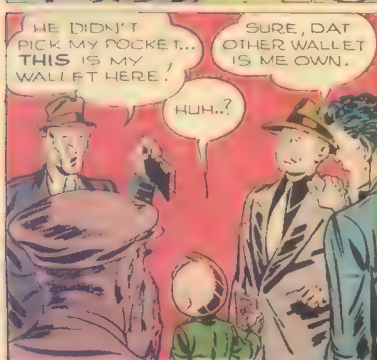
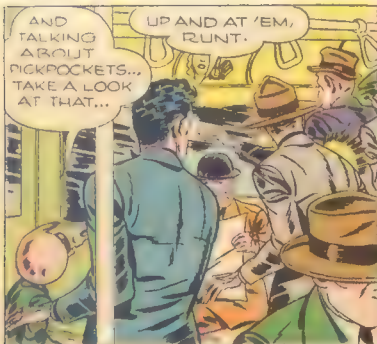
GOSH, I DIDN'T REALIZE MANY CROOKS STILL WENT IN FOR PICKING POCKETS.



EXCUSE ME, DO YOU MIND TAKING YOUR FACE OUT OF MY PAPER?

HUH..? OH, SURE... SURE!

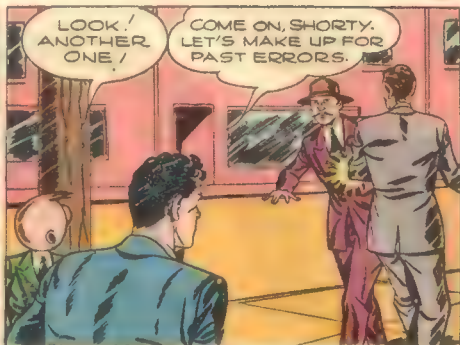






SWELL
DETECTIVES
WE ARE!

WHAT
A BONER!



LOOK!
ANOTHER
ONE!

COME ON, SHORTY.
LET'S MAKE UP FOR
PAST ERRORS.



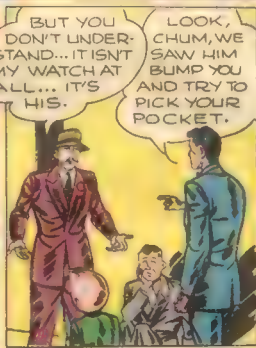
GOT A
MINUTE
TO SPARE,
RAT?

EEEEHH,
THE
WATCH...!

ARGH..

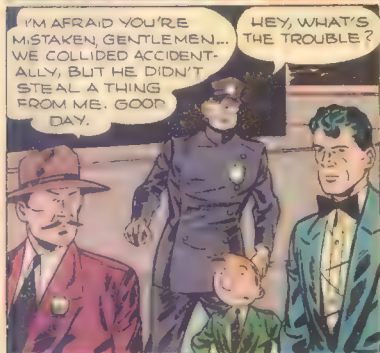


DON'T WORRY...
IT DIDN'T LOSE A
SECOND.



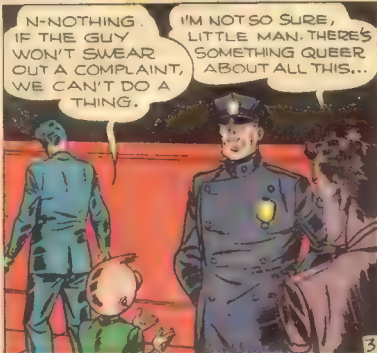
BUT YOU
DON'T UNDER-
STAND... IT ISN'T
MY WATCH AT
ALL... IT'S
HIS.

LOOK,
CHUM, WE
SAW HIM
BUMP YOU
AND TRY TO
PICK YOUR
POCKET.



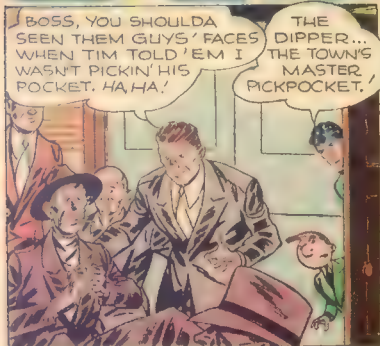
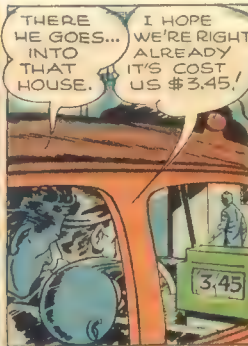
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE
MISTAKEN, GENTLEMEN...
WE COLLIDED ACCIDENT-
ALLY, BUT HE DIDN'T
STEAL A THING
FROM ME. GOOD
DAY.

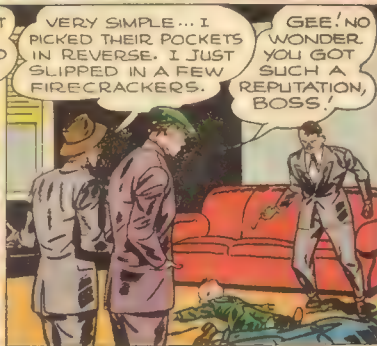
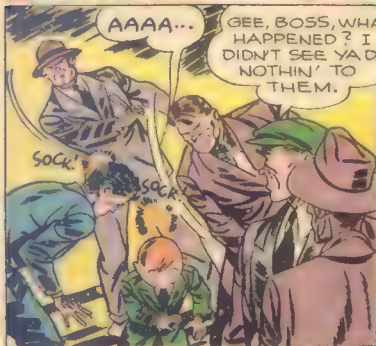
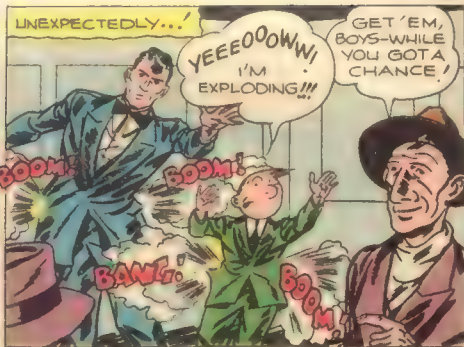
HEY, WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE?

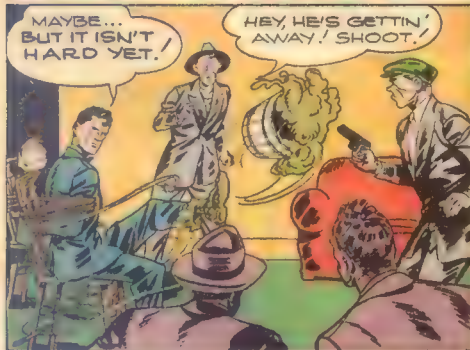
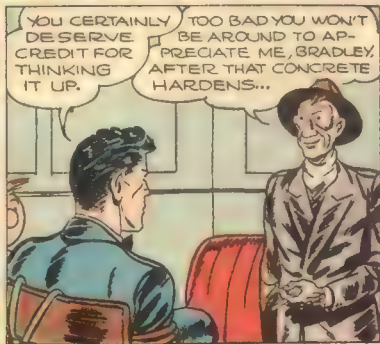
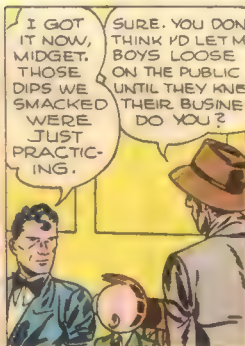


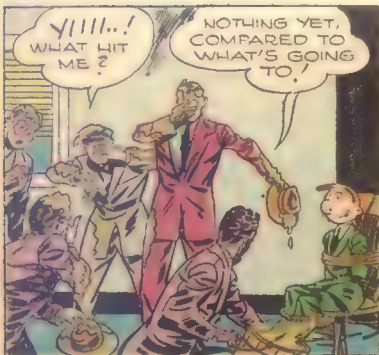
N-NOTHING.
IF THE GUY
WON'T SWEAR
OUT A COMPLAINT,
WE CAN'T DO A
THING.

I'M NOT SO SURE,
LITTLE MAN. THERE'S
SOMETHING QUEER
ABOUT ALL THIS...









THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!
ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢

CLAY PIGEONS

by Blair Bolton

BIG BOY BANTA puffed on the expensive Havana cigar and regarded, through half-closed eyelids, the features of his two henchmen. He still wasn't sure about them.

Not that Big Boy didn't trust either Beans or Muggsy. It was because he trusted them that they, of all his mob, were here in the room with him. He just wasn't sure about their ability to think in a pinch.

"A Federal rap is the toughest of all raps to beat," Big Boy had drilled into his mobsters many times. "You don't mix with the Feds unless you absolutely have to." Then, he had gone on to say, "If it's a Federal job, leave it to me."

Big Boy chewed on his cigar and pondered the ways of Fate which had brought him into almost direct contact with Jackson Martin, the civic leader who had as much money as he had pride in honest Government.

Martin had a son, too, a lad of twelve. And it was on this frail lad's shoulders that Big Boy was about to lean. Yes, Big Boy, in desperation, was going to buck the Feds. He would kidnap Tommy Martin, collect a big ransom and then blow town.

It was a daring plan, but Big Boy was certain he could swing it. He had always had the edge on big jobs. He had no reason to suspect he wouldn't have it now.

"It's just this, boys," he explained now to Beans and Muggsy. "Gettng the kid is going to be easy. He's sort of an invalid, anemia or something, and has a female nurse around him all the

time. Naturally, with an old man as big as Jackson Martin, the kid don't see his father every day." Big Boy winced again. "You know the project Jackson Martin is busy on now."

"Yeah, Boss," said Beans brightly. "You."

"Shut up, Beans," said Muggsy. "What do you want us to do, Big Boy? We shouldn't have no trouble snatching the kid. But where do you want us to bring him?"

Big Boy leaned forward. "I have arranged all that. I know snatching this kid is going to be easy for you lads. You're both smart that way. There is only one thing you must remember: follow my orders to the letter."

Big Boy leaned back, mopped his face with a handkerchief. "We are risking our necks on a Federal rap, boys," he said earnestly, "and I've got everything planned to the minute to beat it."

"You mean the pay-off and everything?"

Everything. I can outsmart an FBI man with my plan." Big Boy looked earnestly at his two aides. "You just gotta promise me to follow orders."

They both looked hurt as they chorused they would.

Big Boy got up, held out his hand. Gravely they shook it. Then Big Boy said: "Come closer, boys, and I'll give you the lowdown."

Two days later, Beans and Muggsy, their new and powerful car securely hidden from view on the road, were surveying their prey. Everything was as Big Boy had said it would be. There was the nurse, and a rather frail kid

who was doing something that sent daylight into the hearts of Muggsy. "Dat kid's got his own boids, Beans," he said. "Just look at them."

Muggsy gazed enraptured as the pigeons wheeled around a long pole with a red rag on the end, wheeled and circled and cooed. "It's just like when I was a kid, Beans," he said, "You r'member I told you Spike had boids on the roof. I allus wanted boids of me own, too. But you remember I told you I got picked up for robbing the five and ten, and they sent me to reform school." Muggsy's eyes angered. "That was a put up rap. Some rat told on me."

"Yeah." Beans was properly sympathetic. He fingered the gun nestling against his shoulder. "Boy, I bet I could pop off a lot of them boids. Just like shooting clay pigeons in one of them shooting galleries."

"Beans!" Muggsy's tone was aggrieved. "Don't say that." He shook his head and a pained expression rested on his battered features. "Them boids would never harm a flea. You hadn't oughtta say that. They give that sick kid a lot of fun."

"With the dough his old man's got," the practical Beans said, "the kid oughtta be in good health." He grinned. "Maybe we'll fatten him up in the hideout. Whaddya think?"

"I think we'd better pull this snatch," Muggsy said. "We got to do exactly like we promised Big Boy."

It was ridiculously easy. First. Beans got the car and rolled

toward the house. On this Saturday afternoon the servants were all downtown, shopping. Just as Big Boy had said they would be. But according to orders. Beans covered the house. It was up to Muggsy to pull the snatch at the first opportunity.

That was soon. When the pigeons flew into the coop, the boy went in with them. The nurse followed. Neither she nor the boy noticed Muggsy until they saw him standing with his back to the coop door. His gun was in his hand.

Muggsy smiled a battered smile, spoke to the nurse. The kid's face was white, tense.

No one will get hurt as long as you both do what you're told. Just walk ahead of me to that car by the house. We're all going for a little ride and a nice vacation."

She got it immediately. "You're kidnapping Tommy!"

"Sure, sure," Muggsy hastened to assure her. "But like I say, nobody's going to get hurt if everyone behaves. The kid's old man pays off. Tommy gets home safe."

"But he . . . he's so ill . . ." the nurse said. "What if . . .?"

Young Tommy broke in. His lips were set in a grim line. "I'll be okay. Miss Blake. We ought to do what the man says." The boy's determined pose broke, for an instant. His lip quivered. "I'm ready, mister."

"That's talking, kiddo," Muggsy said. "I knew you was a good kid. Anybody what likes little birds is okay wid me." He stopped suddenly, looked at a pigeon in a cage. "What's the matter wid him?"

Tommy shot a glance at Muggsy, then picked up the cage. "I've been trying to fix his leg. He hurt it, see?"

Sympathetically, Muggsy looked. "You mean you put that splint on yourself?"

The boy nodded. "I—I sorta wish I could keep on tending him." Wistfully, "But I guess you wouldn't want that."

Muggsy's brow furrowed in deep thought. Big Boy hadn't said anything about birds. "Go ahead and take him, kid," he said. "It'll keep you from thinking too much till your pop bails you out."

The boy's eyes danced as he voiced his gratitude. Carefully, he covered the pigeon and submissively walked behind his nurse as she headed for the car.

It was daybreak when the car, with Muggsy now driving, tooled up the little used road to the cabin hideout where the pair would await Big Boy's arrival. As yet, nothing had been heard over the radio.

There wasn't anything unusual about that. As Beans said: "That Martin's smart enough not to call in the cops until we make the first contact. And Big Boy's smart enough to handle him."

If Beans and Muggsy had expected any trouble from the nurse, they were pleasantly surprised. She proved a wonderful help around the house, a good cook. It took only a couple of hours of watching to assure both Beans and Muggsy she wouldn't try to get away.

That pleased Muggsy. He was anxious to help Tommy make the pigeon well. "Besides," he explained to Beans, as Tommy carefully cut a piece of bandage to apply to the splint, no Feds are going to find us here." He walked over to Tommy who, with the nurse's help, was finishing with the leg. "I'll help you, kid."

"No thanks, Muggsy." Tommy said hastily. "I—I'm all finished."

He held the bird in his hand.

"Want to bring the cage. We can hang it outside in the air."

"Sure, kid," Muggsy was delighted. On the boy's direction, he selected a branch.

"Want to put him in."

"Sure." Muggsy held out his big hands. Then he said, "Aw . . . he got away," genuine grief in his tone, "I'm sorry, kid. We get a pole and bring him back." The bird was wheeling about.

"Get a long one," Tommy said excitedly. "Hurry."

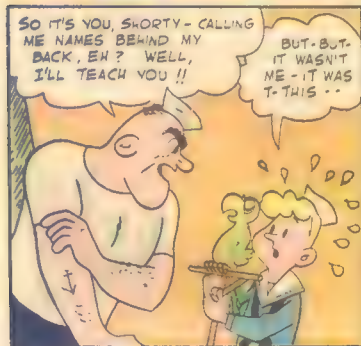
The boy was in tears when Muggsy returned. "He's gone out of sight." His shoulders shook with grief.

Embarrassed and dismayed, Muggsy didn't know what to say. Finally, he had an inspiration. "Look, kid," he said. "Stop crying. As soon as the boss gets here, I'll drive into town and get you another one. There must be some bird stores around." Muggsy really felt terrible about his clumsiness and now he thought of the riding he'd take from Beans. "Don't say anything to Beans," he cautioned. "He don't know one bird from another. Everything will be okay."

"I'm sure it will," Tommy whispered. He had stopped crying now. He smiled. "It's our secret."

"Yep," said Muggsy, "We know birds."

Tommy smiled to himself. "Not this one," he thought. It was almost as though he could see the injured bird in flight, heading like a rocket for his home coop. And hidden beneath the splint was the message from Tommy to his father. The message which a day later would cause the arrested Big Boy to snort at a discomfited Beans and Muggsy: "You two dopes just had to let him bring a *homing pigeon* along!"

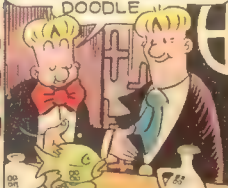




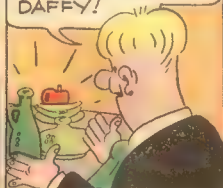
DAFFY & DOODLE

WIN
DO ON

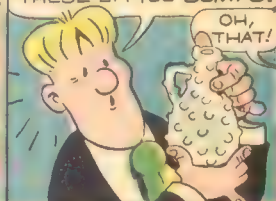
I'VE BEEN DOING SOME GLASS BLOWING IN MY SPARE TIME, DOODLE



HM-M! YOU'VE PUT OUT SOME SMOOTH LOOKING OBJECTS DAFFY!



BUT WHY IS THIS ONE COVERED WITH ALL THESE LITTLE BUMPS?



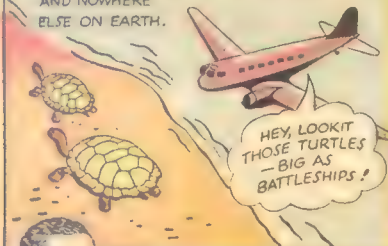
OH, THAT!

I GOT THE HICCUPS WHILE I WAS BLOWING IT!



HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NOBODY KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE GIANT TURTLES OF THE GALAPAGOS ...WHY THEY ARE FOUND ON THIS ISLAND, AND NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH.



EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE SWELL FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

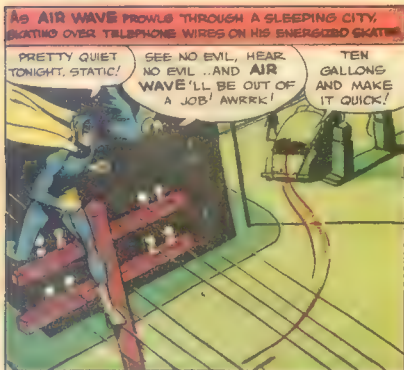
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢





WHEN CROOKS FIND A GARAGE ATTENDANT WHO SEEMS TO HAVE MAGIC AT HIS FINGERTIPS, THEY SEE MONEY FLOWING INTO THEIR POCKETS. BUT THEY RECKON WITHOUT AIR WAVE AND **STATIC**, THE PROVERB PARROT, FOR WHEN THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS CRASHES IN BEFORE THEY CAN CASH IN... AND WHEN THEY HOPE FOR MAGIC TO SAVE THEM...THEY LEARN THAT THERE ARE....

"NO MIRACLES FOR MUGGS!"



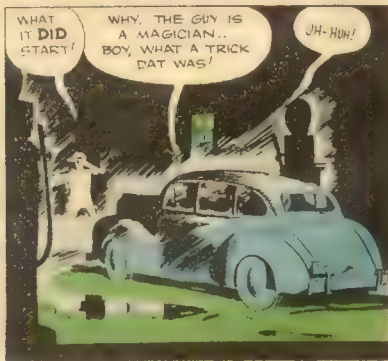
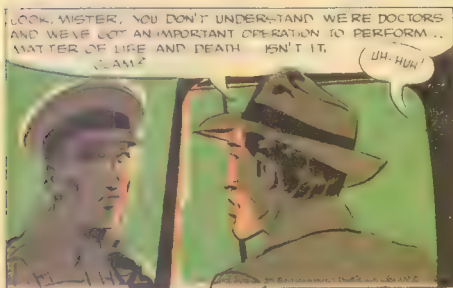
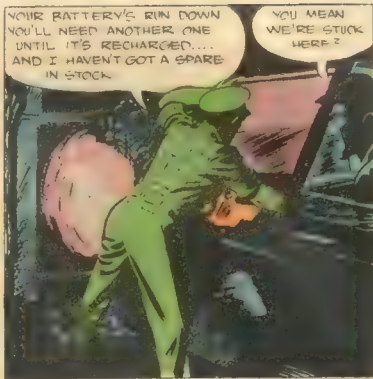
AS AIR WAVE PROWLs THROUGH A SLEEPING CITY, SKATING OVER TELEPHONE WIRES ON HIS ENERGIZED SKATE!

PRETTY QUIET TONIGHT, **STATIC**! SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL...AND **AIR WAVE**'LL BE OUT OF A JOB! **AWRRK!** TEN GALLONS AND MAKE IT QUICK!



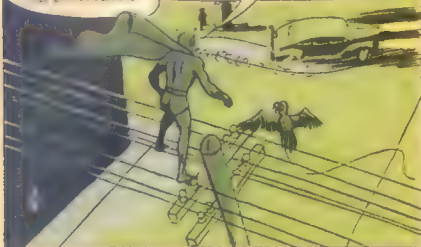
GEE, CLAM, WE LOST THEM HICK COPS! YEAH, BUT WE AIN'T FORGETTIN' THE **STATIC** COPS, ARE WE, CLAM?

UH-HUH!



AND NOW, AS THE "DOCTORS" CAR DRIVES AWAY...

LUCKY I TUNED IN ON THAT CAR IN TIME TO HEAR THE MAN SAY HE HAD AN IMPORTANT OPERATION TO PERFORM...IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO BROADCAST ENERGY FROM MY RADIO SET TO HIS STARTER.



SO EVEN IF I DIDN'T CATCH ANY CROOKS, AT LEAST I'VE DONE MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY EH, STATIC?

CAST YOUR GOOD DEEDS UPON THE WATERS.. AND YOU'LL BE ALL WET!



BOYS, A REAL MAGICIAN! IF WE HAD GUNS LIKE THAT IN THE GANG, WE'D MAKE MILLIONS!

MIGHT PAY US TO SNATCH 'IM FOR OUR USE EH, CLAM?

UH-HUH!



SOME TIME LATER, AIR WAVE, IN HIS ALTER EGO AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN, GLANCES AT AN EVENING PAPER....

WHY, THAT'S THE GARAGE ATTENDANT I SAW THE OTHER NIGHT!



HMM... MAYBE AIR WAVE CAN HELP LOCATE HIM!



ONCE MORE AT THE GARAGE...

THERE WERE A COUPLE OF MEN ASKING ABOUT WHERE HE LIVED, AIR WAVE. ONE OF THEM TALKED A LOT BUT THE OTHER HARDLY OPENED HIS MOUTH!

ALL HE SAID WAS "UH-HUH!"

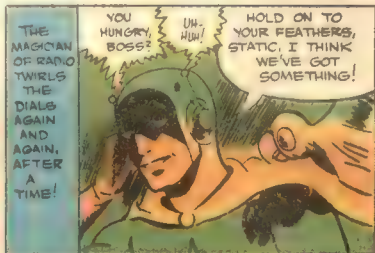
THAT "UH-HUH" IS FAMILIAR, ALL RIGHT!

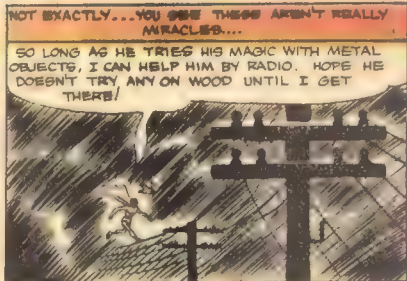
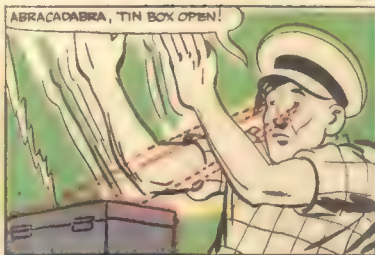


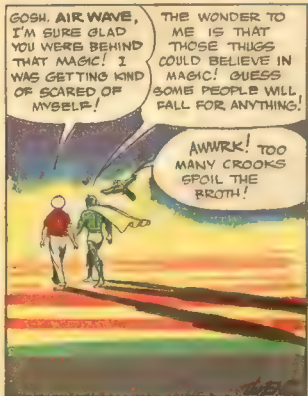
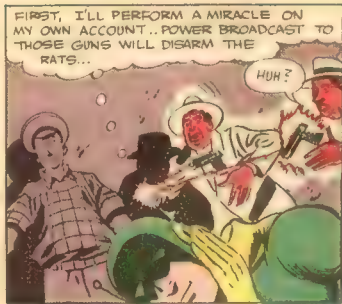
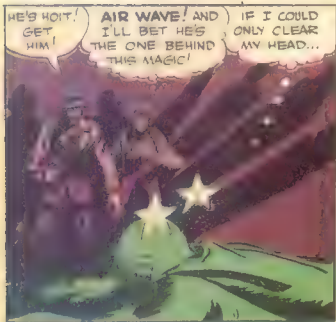
COULD I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE AND HELPED THE WRONG PEOPLE? MAYBE THOSE MEN WEREN'T DOCTORS AFTER ALL!

A FRIEND INDEED SHOULD LOOK BEFORE HE LEAPS, AIR WAVE!









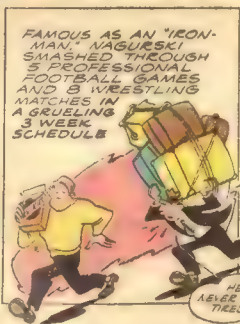


"YOU'LL FIND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES AT MY BREAKFAST TABLE JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS BRONKO NAGURSKI, "TAKE IT FROM ME, FOR REAL HE-MAN FLAVOR AND SOLID SATISFACTION YOU CAN'T BEAT WHEATIES 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'."

BRONKO NAGURSKI

3 TIMES ALL-AMERICAN, 7 TIMES ALL-STAR PROFESSIONAL, HE GAINED 3,947 YARDS AS A CHICAGO BEAR FOR MORE MILEAGE THAN ANY OTHER PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER.

AM I GLAD HE'S ON MY TEAM!



FAMOUS AS AN "IRON-MAN," NAGURSKI SMASHED THROUGH 5 PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL GAMES AND 8 WRESTLING MATCHES IN A GRUELING 3 WEEK SCHEDULE.



"THE BRONK" TOOK HIS HARD HITTING FOOTBALL TECHNIQUE INTO THE WRESTLING RING - KNOCKED OFF A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP WITH HIS FLYING BLOCK.

I'M IN IT!!



"It's nature" and "It's not us" and "It's not us"
General Mills, Inc.

BRONKO NAGURSKI IS ONLY ONE OF THE FAMOUS STARS WHO SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION STYLE FOOTBALL IN "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" AN EXCITING NEW BOOK BY BERNIE BIERMAN, COACH OF THE MINNESOTA GOLDEN GOPHERS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY... ALSO 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.

The BOY COMMANDOS

in
"MEET THE
COMMANDOS
from NIPPON!"

ON EXHIBITION
THE COMMANDOS
FROM NIPPON

ORDER OF THE DAY:
The Boy Commandos
will guard Admiral
"Bulldog" Mitchell.
from assassins—
without the
assistance of the
undersigned!
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN



FOUR AGAINST FOUR!
COMMANDO VS. COMMANDO!
OUT OF JAPAN, LONG THE
LAND OF IMITATORS, WAS
HURLED A CHALLENGE
TO THE BOY COMMANDOS!
THIS WAS ANOTHER ATTEMPT
BY THE ENEMY TO COPY
ALLIED POWER, BUT—
AMONG MAN'S CREATIONS
THERE ARE CERTAIN
PRODUCTS THAT CAN'T
BE IMITATED, AS THE
BOY COMMANDOS
FROM NIPPON FOUND
OUT. NOW THIS STORY
CAN BE TOLD.

by SIMON AND KIRBY

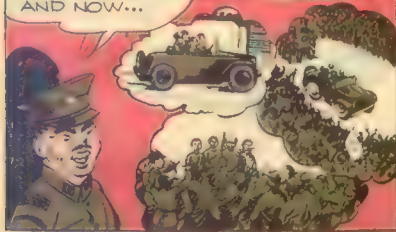


IN THE ENEMY CAMP—A SECRET COUNCIL OF WAR IS IN PROGRESS AMONG TOP-RANKING JAPS.

GENTLEMEN, NO LONGER SHALL WE FACE HUMILIATING DEFEAT UPON DEFEAT. WE CAN MEET THE ALLIES TRICK FOR TRICK NOW—TRUMP FOR TRUMP!



YOU'VE SEEN THESE HEROES CHEERED BY THE POPULATION; DECORATED TIME AND TIME AGAIN BY HIS HOLINESS, THE EMPEROR, AND NOW...



GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU, WITH GREATEST PRIDE AND THE EMPEROR'S BLESSINGS—THE COMMANDOS FROM NIPPON. THEY WILL DESTROY THE BOY COMMANDOS!



YOU KNOW HOW EACH OF THESE WARRIORS IS EQUAL TO FIFTY ENEMY SOLDIERS... OF THEIR AMAZING FEATS IN MANCHURIA...

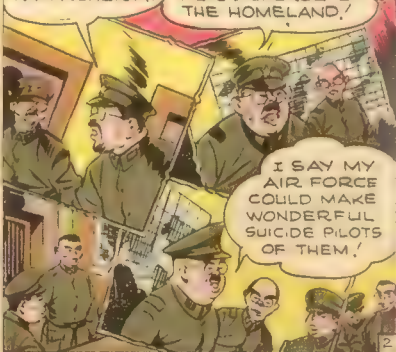


...AND NOW WE CAN GIVE THE AMERICANS SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE. THOSE WRETCHED STUMBLING BLOCKS TO SO MANY OF OUR PLANS—THE BOY COMMANDOS—WILL BE ELIMINATED! AT LAST, GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE MORE THAN THEIR EQUAL.



I NEED THEM IN MANCHURIA!

BUT I CAN USE THEM FOR DEFENSE OF THE HOMELAND!



I SAY MY AIR FORCE COULD MAKE WONDERFUL SUICIDE PILOTS OF THEM!

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! FORTUNATELY, THEIR ASSIGNMENT IS ALREADY MAPPED.



GATHER CLOSELY— AND LISTEN. AND NOT A WORD MUST LEAVE THIS ROOM, FOR NOT UNTIL THE ACT IS COMPLETED WILL OUR ENEMY KNOW OF THE NIPPON COMMANDOS!



BUT LET US TURN FOR A MOMENT FROM THE ENEMY'S OPERATIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS — TO A U.S.-HELD ISLAND BASE, FAR TO THE FRONT. A FLEET FLAGSHIP HAS ANCHORED, AND A SPECIAL LANDING PARTY IS BEING LOWERED.



ALL PREPARATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE ASHORE, ADMIRAL.

HANG THE PREPARATIONS AND HANG THE SHORE! LET'S GET THIS MESS OVER WITH AND GET BACK TO SEA!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



ON SHORE...

I HEAR OLE ADMIRAL MITCHELL IS COMIN' IN FOR A LOOK-SEE AT LAND DEFENSES.

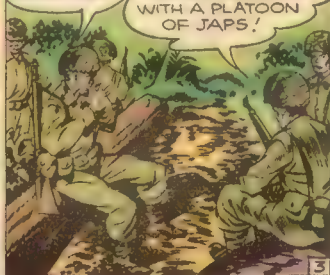
THAT OLD BULL-DOG! I THOUGHT A JAP SUICIDE GOT HIM OFF OKINAWA!

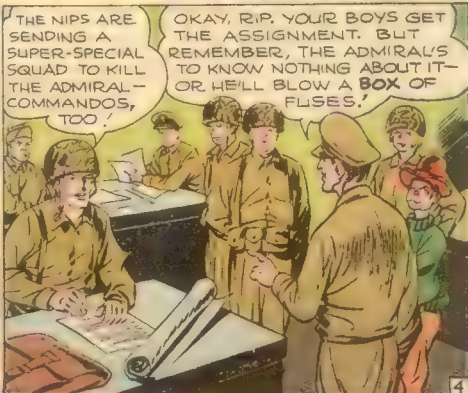
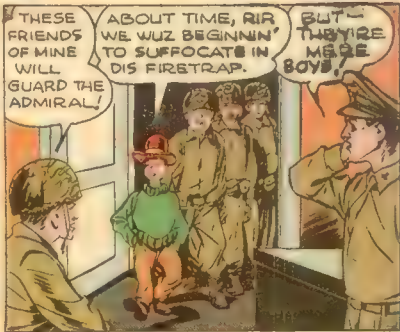
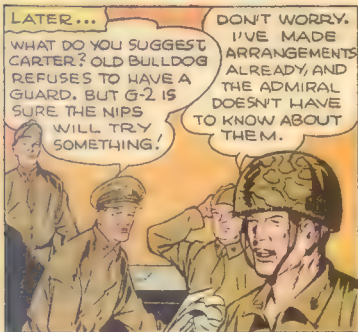
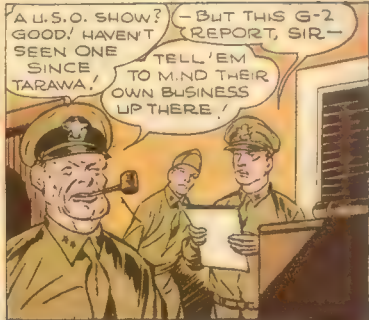
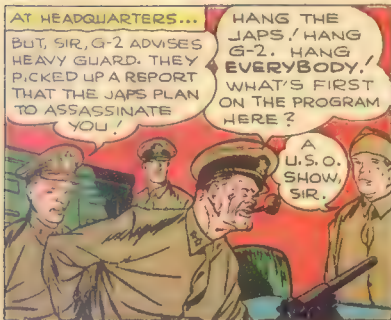
HA! FAT CHANCE THE JAPPES HAVE WITH MITCHELL! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!



HEAR THE NEWS, BIFF? BULLDOG MITCHELL'S IN! MUST BE SOME-THIN' HOT GOIN' ON!

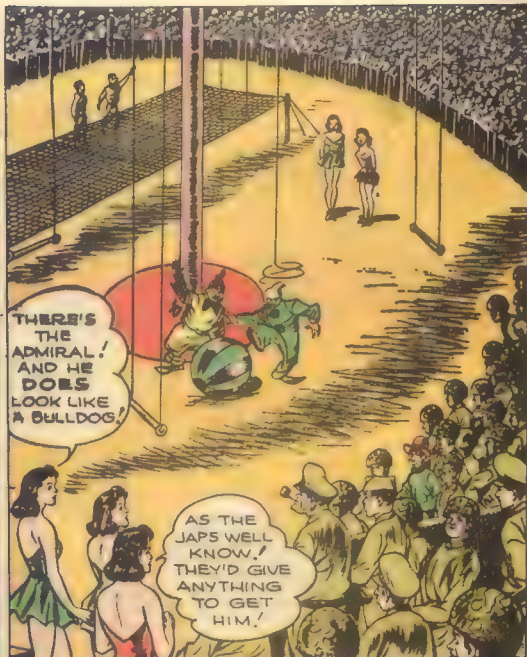
YEAH, WHEN THAT OLD CRAB IS AROUND THINGS POP. I'D FEEL A LOT SAFER TANGLIN' WITH A PLATOON OF JAPS!





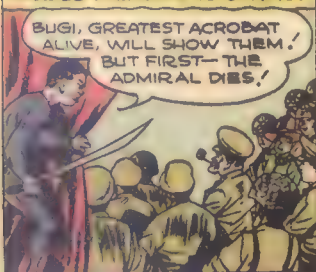


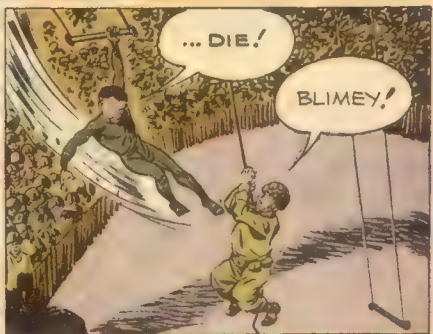
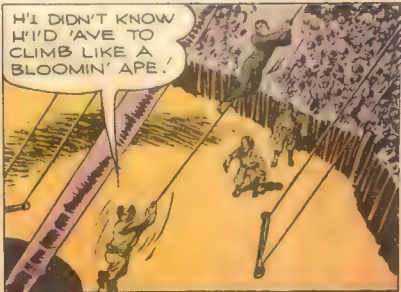
LATER, IT'S SHOW TIME IN THE PACIFIC, AND THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE ON HAND TO GUARD THE ADMIRAL...



A LOW WHISTLE IS HEARD, THEN A MURDEROUS SWORD DRIVES ITSELF INTO THE SEAT, MISSING THE ADMIRAL BY INCHES...

THE FIRST OF THE NIP COMMANDOS PREPARES TO STRIKE!





REALIZING THAT IT IS NOT A PART OF THE ACT, AN AMAZED AUDIENCE RISES TO ITS FEET IN SILENT BEWILDERMENT, WATCHING THE AERIAL BATTLE ON THE ROPE ABOVE...

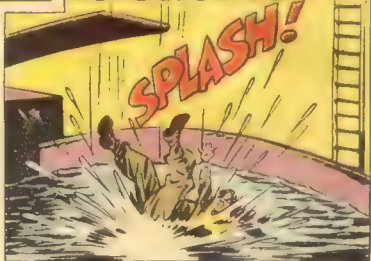
THIS TIME, YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY, FAT ONE!

YA BLOOMIN' SLANTY, H'I'M GONNA —



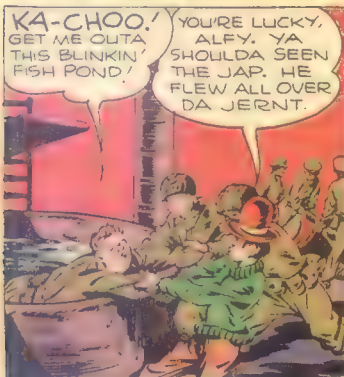
WITH MIRACULOUS LUCK, ALFY MAKES A ONE-POINT LANDING INTO THE HIGH-DIVER'S POOL!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!



KA-CHOO! GET ME OUTA THIS BLINKIN' FISH POND!

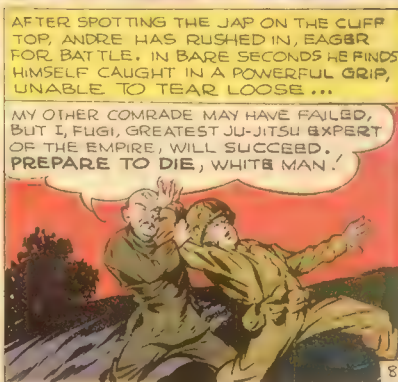
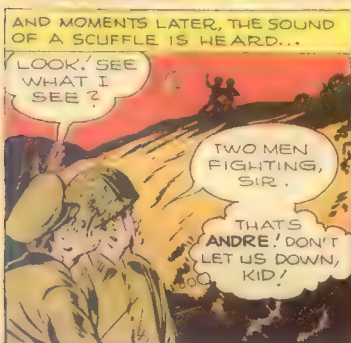
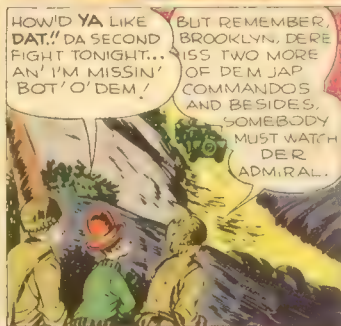
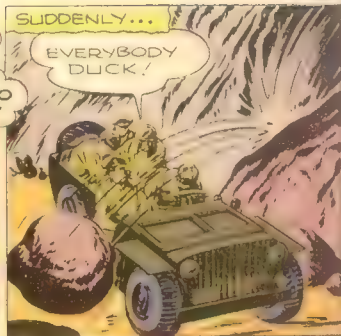
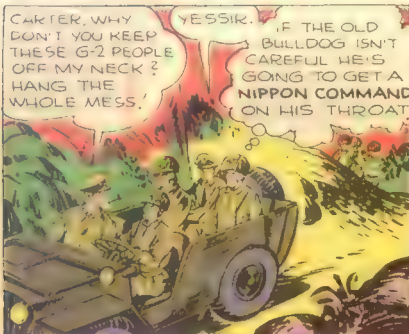
YOU'RE LUCKY, ALFY. YA SHOULDA SEEN THE JAP. HE FLEW ALL OVER DA JERNT.

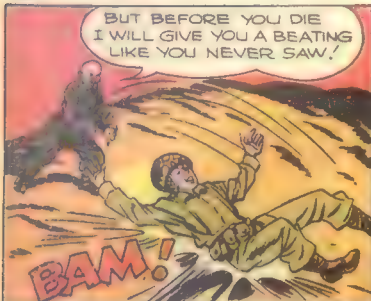


YOU SEE, ADMIRAL, G-2 WAS RIGHT. THEY DID ATTEMPT TO KILL YOU!

WELL, I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH JAP COMMANDOS NOW. I'VE GOT TO GO INTO THE HILLS AND INSPECT ARTILLERY POSITIONS.



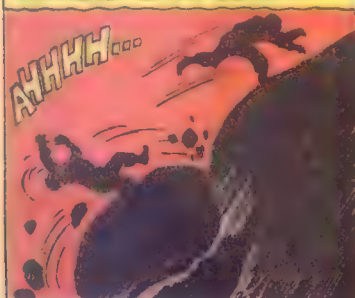




AFTER LONG MINUTES OF BATTLE IN WHICH ANDRE WISELY STAYS OUT OF ARM'S LENGTH OF THE JIU-JITSU EXPERT, HE FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED ON A JUTTING ROCK, PROTRUDING FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE...

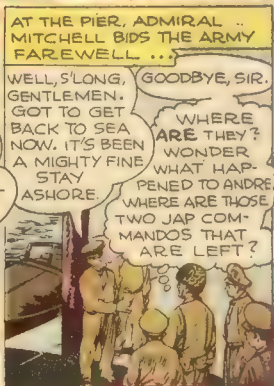


UNABLE TO STAND THE WEIGHT, THE ROCK TREMBLES AND THEN BREAKS. ONE FIGURE LEAPS FOR THE CLIFF, WHILE THE OTHER TOPPLES TO HIS DOOM...



MEANWHILE, BROOKLYN, JAN AND ALFY AWAIT THE WINNER OF THE CLIFF BATTLE. A JEEP APPROACHES...







THE LAST TWO NIPPON COMMANDOS! ONE, THE "GREATEST SNIPER," HAS OCCUPIED AN INGENUOUS PILLBOX, WHILE THE OTHER, THE "GREATEST DAGGER-THROWER," SPEEDS FROM A HIDING PLACE ON THE PIER, AFTER HIS FIRST KNIFE MISSED...

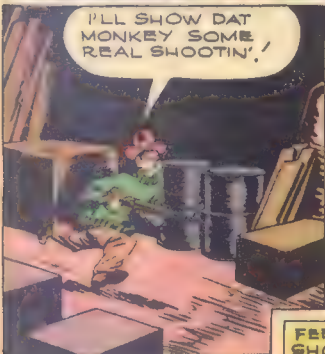


LEMME HAVE DAT B-B GUN! I'LL FIX DAT SNIPER. I SEEN HIM IN DE CRANE UP BY DE WAREHOUSE.

AND I SAW DER OTHER VUN RUNNING OFF DER PIER!



I'LL SHOW DAT MONKEY SOME REAL SHOOTIN'!

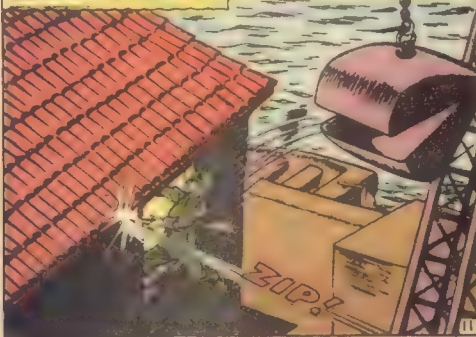


DAT BUM COULDN'T HIT A BARN!

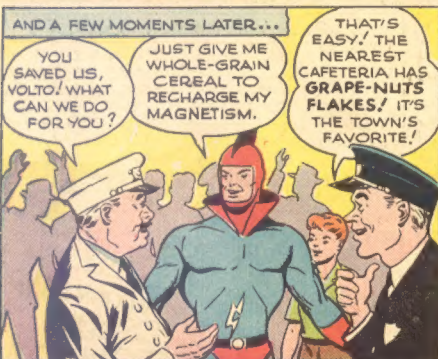


FEELING THE HEAT OF BROOKLYN'S POT-SHOOTING, YUGI THE SNIPER MAKES A LEAP FOR COVER...

TAKE DAT, YA PHONEY!







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RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT
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